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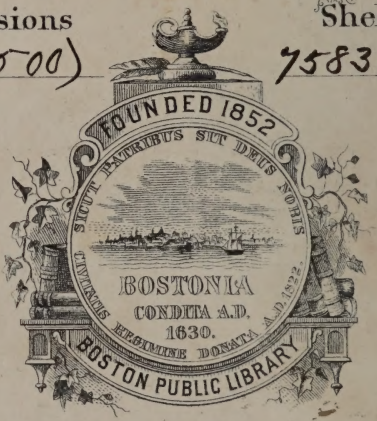

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THE

MAINE LAW MUSEUM;

—AND—

Temperance Anecdotes.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY,

AUTHOR OF "CRAYON SKETCHES," ETC.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY STACY AND RICHARDSON,

No. 11 Milk Street.

1852.

Price, $9 per 100; 50 copies, $5; 8 copies, postage free, $1.

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BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Mass.

THE

MAINE LAW MUSEUM;

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TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES.

A True Son of Temperance.

The following anecdote was told of a very clever fellow, who had been somewhat frolicsome, but who had recently joined the Sons of Temperance. After becoming a "Son," he went to Mobile on business, and was taken ill there. The physician was called, and after examining him, pronounced him in a very dangerous position, and prescribed brandy. The sick man told him he could not take it. The Doctor insisted that it was the proper remedy, but the patient told him he would not take it. The Doctor said he must, or he would have spasms. Well, said the Son of Temperance, I will try a couple of spasms first! He did not take the brandy, nor did he have spasms, but went on his way rejoicing.

Buttermilk vs. Whiskey.

One of our Washingtonians stated the other evening at the meeting, that before he commenced drinking he used to work on a farm. One day a number of them went into the fields to cradle, when he took along a kettle of buttermilk, and the others a jug of whiskey. During the fore part of the day the whiskey men got a little ahead of him, when one of the party turned round and jeeringly said, "Come along, Buttermilk!" All the rest commenced a hearty laugh. He heeded not, but worked steadily along. Every time the whiskey men would go to lighten the jug, he would take a sup of buttermilk. Toward the latter part of the day, he left the "*ardent*" boys far in the rear. He thought it was his time now, and turning round he exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Come along, Whiskey!"

—o—

The Parson and the Farmer.

A parson being told by a generous farmer that he would give him a barrel of cider, asked him if he would bring it to his house.

"Certainly," replied the farmer, "with great pleasure."

"Well," said the careful man, "what will you pay me for the barrel when the cider is gone?"

The Man and the Vine.

In one of the early years after the creation of the world, man began to plant a vine, and Satan saw it, and drew near.

"What plantest thou, son of the earth?" said the prince of demons.

"A vine," replied the man.

"What are the properties of this tree?"

"Oh, its fruit is pleasant to look at, and delicious to the taste; from it is produced a liquid which fills the heart with joy."

"Well, since wine makes glad the heart of man, I will help thee to plant this tree."

So saying the demon brought a lamb and slew it, then a lion, then an ape, and last of all a pig, killing each in succession, and moistening the roots of the vine with the blood.

Thence it has happened ever since, that when a man drinks a small portion of wine, he becomes gentle and caressing as a lamb; after a little more, strong and bold as a lion; when he takes still more, he resembles an ape in his folly, and in his mischievous actions; but when he has swallowed the liquid to excess, he is like a pig wallowing in the mire.

—o—

A Pitiful Appeal.

In the Police Court, an intelligent looking man was brought up as a common drunkard, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the House of Correction. A tidy and pretty young woman, with a beautiful child of a year or eighteen months old in her arms, who had been anxiously watching the proceedings, as the sentence was pronounced stepped up to the stand and shrieked,—

"Oh, Judge! Who is to take care of me and the baby?"

"Take those people away," said the clerk, and they left the room—the father gazing mournfully at his laughing little one—the mother sobbing as though her heart would break.

Guardian Angels.

An unknown man was found at midnight, dead drunk, among some casks on the pier foot of Peck Slip, and lying upon his body were three little girls. The children had found their father in this sad plight, and instead of leaving him to his fate, were watching over him, weeping as if their little hearts were broken, and shivering under the influence of the cold night wind. When the motherless children were discovered, the youngest was in a deep sleep, with its soft, pale cheek lying on the bloated breast of its father.

—o—

The Village Church.

The painting of the old meeting-house in the retired village of J——, has occupied the attention of the Deacons for some time. They can't decide on the color, since the Parson expressed a wish that it should not be painted white. A few evenings since a meeting was held to discuss the question. "I think," said Deacon Sarsfield, "that green would be an appropriate color, for the poet tells us that 'the groves were God's first temples,' and they must have been green." "I like red," said Deacon Sarcenet, "it can be seen at a great distance, and the Bible tells us not to hide our light under a bushel."

Several others were in favor of different colors, and the members were excited when Deacon Jenkins arose. "My brethren," he said, "I am in favor of painting the church with New England Rum." At this announcement, so diabolical in a Deacon and a member of the State Temperance Society, the members gave a universal hiss. "Why, Dea. Jenkins, what on 'arth are you thinking about?" inquired Deacon Sarsfield. "Thinking about?" reiterated the Deacon; "I was thinking that you painted your face with New England Rum twenty years ago, and it has been growing brighter and brighter ever since."

—o—

Two in a Bed.

Two young men, "with a humming in their heads," retired late at night to their room, in a crowded inn, in which, as they entered, were revealed two beds; but the wind extinguishing the light, they both, instead of taking, as they supposed, a bed apiece, got back to back into one; which began to sink under them, and came around at intervals in a manner very circumambient, but quite impossible of explication. Presently, one observed to the other.

"I say, Tom, somebody's in my bed."

"Is there!" said the other; "so there is in mine. Let's kick 'em out!"

The next remark was: "Tom, I've kicked my man overboard."

"Good!" said his fellow-toper, "better luck than I—my man has kicked me out—right on the floor!"

Their "relative positions" were not apparent until next morning.

—o—

An Old Anecdote in Irish.

A correspondent of the Dublin Warder shows what a powerful struggle for ascendency is often going on between men's minds and actions. "Sure, many 's the time we heard the ould people, in our chimney corner, tell of Dan Buckley, that after a long coorse o' hard drinkin' made a vow he 'd pass Pat M'Mahon's public house, on his way home one avenin', widout turnin' in for his usual allowance. So, well became him, he got up a sort of dyalog, or private conversation wid himself, as he was goin' by the place, and 'Come now, resolution,' says he, 'stan' by me, and let 's see if yer made o' the right sort o' stuff.' Wid that he went beyond the place o' temptation about fifty yards, or so, and then beginned to compliment himself. 'More power, resolution; begor, yer the rale ticket, and I think 'tis rich desarvin' of a dandy o' punch you are,' says he, turnin' back on his tracks, and indulgin' once more in the old wakeness."

Can't Do it.

A story is related of a Son of Temperance who dined with an influential friend. The host pouring out a glass of wine, desired the Son to drink with him; whereupon he replied:

"Can't do it, 'wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then."

"Can't do it, 'strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the friend becoming somewhat restive and excited, remarked:

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you?"

"No, I can't do that: 'woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth.'"

What was the peculiar mental condition or moral state of the gentleman, at this stage of the proceedings, the deponent saith not.

—o—

Hush-a-by Baby!

Some constables in a town in Maine, entering a house on a "liquor law" search, found a woman rocking a cradle. Not finding anything of the "critter" they sought for, one of them, more cunning than the rest, made a snatch at the cradle clothes, exclaiming, "sweet little baby; how much it looks like its father!" and behold, the little "offspring" turned out to be a *keg of rum!*

The Coachman and the Passenger.

During the spring-time of the year, an old fashioned stage-coach, made large enough to accommodate nine inside passengers, was rolling along amid the granite hills of New Hampshire, when a drunken fellow asked permission to ride.

"Yes, take a seat on the box with me," said the driver.

"No sir-ee!" exclaimed the tipler, "a cabin passage, or none."

"But the coach is full," remarked the man of the whip.

"Never mind, I can find room," and he squeezed into the coach and sat down close by the door.

They had not proceeded far, before one of the wheels came in collision with a rock, which gave the coach such a jolt, that the door flew open, and the drunken passenger tumbled out, head-over-heels, into the ditch. When he crawled out, he jammed his crushed hat on his head and wiped the mire from his coat-sleeves, exclaiming: —

"I say, driver, what made you — hic — tip over?"

"I did not tip over," replied whip.

"You lie! aint I — hic — over?"

"Yes, you are more than half-seas over, but it is not my fault."

"I say 'tis your fault! and I have a —hic— good mind to kick you off the —hic— coach box."

"Will you ask the gentlemen in the coach if I upset?"

"Shentlemen" said the toper, "will you — hic — be so perlite as to tell me — hic — whether — hic — that fellow — hic — did, — hic — or did not — hic — tip over?"

"He did not tip over."

"Wall, — hic — if I had known — hic — that afore, —hic— I would not have got out —hic— of the coach to — hic — lick him."

—o—

"I am thy father's spirit," as the bottle said to the boy, when he found it hid in the wood pile, and wondered what it was.

The Barrister and the Witness.

There is a point beyond which human forbearance cannot go, and the most even of tempers will become ruffled at times. At the assizes held during the past year at Lincoln, England, both judge and counsel had much trouble in making the timid witnesses upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury; and it is possible that the temper of the counsel may thereby have been turned aside from the even tenor of its way. After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar-pleading, and had coaxed, threatened, and even bullied the witnesses, there was called into the box a young ostler, who appeared to be simplicity personified.

"Now, sir," said the counsel, in a tone that at any other time would have been condemned as vulgarly loud, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak up."

"I hope not, sir," was shouted, or rather bellowed out, by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building, and certainly would have alarmed any timid or nervous lady.

"How dare you speak in that way, sir," said the counsel.

"Please, zur, I can't speak any louder," said the astonished witness, attempting to speak louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be in his speaking too softly.

"Pray, have you been drinking this morning?" shouted the counsel, who had now thoroughly lost the last remnant of his temper.

"Yes, zur," was the reply.

"And what have you been drinking?"

"Corfee, zur."

"And what did you have in your coffee, sir?" shouted the exasperated counsel.

"A spune, zur!" innocently shouted the witness, in his highest key, amidst the roars of the whole court,— excepting, only, the now thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief and rushed out of court.

—o—

Hydropathy.

Dr. Holmes, in speaking of hydropathy, says:— "The first example of the water cure, that we read of, was the Deluge. But it did n't save the patients." It was in one of the Bridgewaters, we believe, that our friend Noggs lectured after the champion of calomel, and, alluding to his cited case of the deluge, said:—"It is true, ladies and gentlemen, that the deluge was a *case* of the water *cure*, and I confess that it did *not* save all the patients to whom it was applied, but I have been told that it saved all that were worth saving, and that is about as much as you could ask of any *cure*."

Twice Married.

MARRIED.— On Sunday evening, July 27, 1845, Mr. Martin Mead to Mrs. Polly Mead, both of Danbury.

This re-union of two kindred hearts has resulted from the temperance movement. For years had they been separated by that monster "who spares not the high nor the humble." The kind husband, although he loved his wife as he did his own soul, was seduced by the wiles of the "perfidious destroyer," and she whom he had vowed to "love, cherish and protect," was forced to seek for safety and succor in the law of the land, and the holy bonds were severed. She loved him still, though she had been forced to a separation. For seven long years was he, as it were, a wanderer in the land, buffeted about by the fell destroyer — the victim of the soulless rumseller. At length a light burst forth from the "Monumental City," its beams spread far and wide, till at length they reached our own rum-degraded town. A Washingtonian Temperance Society was formed under the direction of Mr. Syms, who tarried with us for a time during his sojourn in Fairfield county, and Bro. Mead was one of those who assisted in its organization. Although he has never felt himself qualified to address a public assembly, yet his life, from the day he signed the pledge, has been a continued temperance lecture, which could be read by all men.

When the Division of the Sons of Temperance was yet in its infancy in this place, he availed himself of the privileges of the association, and it has been to him "his glory and his shield." Faithful to the principles of the Order at all times, he has gained the confidence and respect of his fellow-men, and the implicit confidence of her whom the law had severed from him, and she has manifested that confidence by her re-union. May she never have cause to regret it.

—o—

A Sign.

"Mister, your *sign* has fallen down!" cried a temperance man to a grog-shop keeper, before whose door a drunken man was prostrate. We do not know whether this temperance man was the same into whose store a customer reeled, exclaiming:—

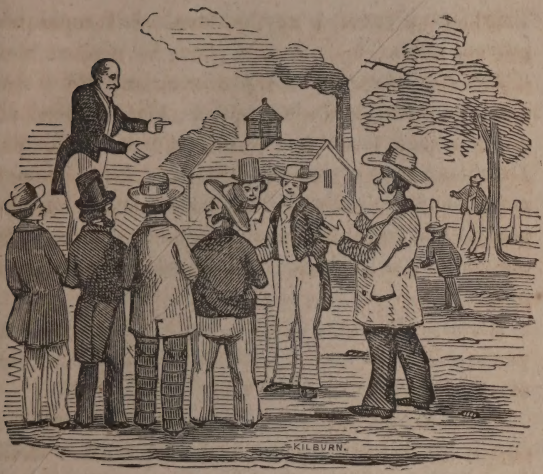
"Mr. —— do you — keep — a-ny — thing — good to take here?"

"Yes, we have excellent cold water — the best thing in the world to take."

"Well, I know it," was the reply, "there is no one — thing — that's done so much for — navigation — as that."

—o—

Brandy is well named. Brandy drinkers ever show red eyes. It should be written *brand-eye.*



A Choice Anecdote.

A small temperance society had been started in a community very much under the control of a rich distiller commonly called "Bill Myers." This man had several sons who had become drunkards on the facilities afforded by their education at home. The whole family was arrayed against the movement, and threatened to break up any meeting called to promote the object. Learning this, the Rev. Mr. Hunt went to a neighboring district for temperance volunteers for that particular occasion. He then gave out word for a meeting, and at the time found his friends and enemies about equal in numbers.

This fact prevented any outbreak, but could not prevent noise.

Mr. Hunt mounted his platform, and by a few sharp anecdotes and witty sayings, soon silenced all noise except the sturdy "Bill Myers." The old Dutchman kept crying out, "Mishter Hunt, money makes de mare go." To every shot which seemed ready to demolish him, the old fellow presented the one shield, — "Mishter Hunt, money makes de mare go."

At last, Mr. Hunt stopped and addressed the imperturable German. "Look here, Bill Myers, you say that money makes the mare go, do you?"

"Yes, dat ish just what I say, Mishter Hunt."

"Well, Bill Myers, you own and work a distillery, don't you?" inquired Mr. Hunt.

"Dat ish none of your bishness, Mishter Hunt. But den, I ish not ashamed of it. I hash got a still, and work it too."

"And you say, 'Money makes the mare go;' do you mean by that, that I have come here to get the money of these people?"

"Yes, Mishter Hunt, dat ish just what I mean."

"Very well! you work a distillery to make money, and I lecture on temperance to make money, and as you say 'Money makes the mare go,' Bill Myers, bring out your *mare* and I'll bring out mine, and we'll show them together."

By this time the whole assembly was in a titter

of delight, and even Myers's followers could not repress their merriment at the evident embarrassment of their oracle. In the meantime, we must premise that Mr. Hunt knew a large number of the drunkards present, and among them, sons of Myers himself.

"Bill Myers, who is that holding himself up by that tree?" inquired Mr. Hunt, pointing to a young man so drunk that he could not stand alone.

The old man started, as if stung by an adder, but was obliged to reply, — "Dat ish my son; but what of dat, Mishter Hunt?"

"Good deal of that, Bill Myers, for I guess that son *has been riding your mare*, and *got thrown, too!*"

Here there was a perfect uproar from all parts of the assembly, and as soon as order was restored, Mr. Hunt proceeded, pointing to another son: —

"Bill Myers, who is that staggering about as if his legs were weak as potato-vines after a frost?"

"Well, I suppose dat ish my son, too," replied the old man, with a crest-fallen look.

"He has been riding your mare, too, and got a tumble."

At this point the old man put up both hands in a most imploring manner, and exclaimed, "Now, Mishter Hunt, if you won't say any more, I will be still."

This announcement was received with a roar of applause and laughter, and from that moment Mr. Hunt had all the ground to himself.

Graduated Justice.

We do not know exactly where the following specimen of "graduated justice" comes from; but, wherever it belongs, it deserves to be remembered, as a fine model for magistrates:

On a warm summer's day, three men were brought before a fair, round, Dutch magistrate, accused of drunkenness. His honor, having premised with a hearty swig of cool punch, began with the first:—

Justice.—You rascal! pe you kilty or pe you not kilty?

Prisoner.—Guilty.

Justice.—Vat you get drunk on?

Prisoner.—Blackstrap.

Justice.—Vat! get drunk on notin' but blackstrap, you willain you! Den dis pe mine everlastin' sentence, dat you pe fined forty shillings.

The second culprit being questioned in the like manner, as to guilt or innocence, likewise owned himself guilty.

Justice.—Now, tell me you vile drunken rascal, vat you get drunk on?

Prisoner.—Sling.

Justice.—Vat! you get drunk on sling, you graceless wagabond? you swillin' sod, you! Den I give my darnel sentence, dat you pe fined twenty shillings.

The third and last prisoner was now brought forward; and like the others, pleaded guilty.

Justice.—Vat you get drunk on?

Prisoner.—Punch.

Justice.—Ah, you diplin' rogue, you! I fines you just notting at all; vor I gets drunk on punch myneself, sometimes.

—o—

A Queer Fish.

"We do n't bite at a bare hook," muttered a drunken man once at a public meeting, when the pledge was offered him. "I believe there is a class of fishes called *suckers*, that do n't bite," was the response. His friends helped the drunkard to adjourn.

—o—

A Public Drunkard.

The King of Dahomy, as a public example, a recent traveller tells us, kept a drunkard and fed him on rum, exhibited him at the customs, that his emaciated and disgusting appearance might shame his people from making beasts of themselves. This terrible example was entirely effectual. In this country drunkards make public exhibition of themselves, and yet many do not heed the warning. Are they not less wise than the Africans?

Alcohol a Poison.

The New York Tribune, in discussing the Maine Law, asks: "Is alcohol a poison, or is it not?" The Pennsylvanian replies to this question by quoting Noah Webster's definition of the word poison, of which he says: —

"All medicines possessing sufficient activity to be of much value, are always poison in inordinate or excessive quantities, and everything poisonous is capable of proving medicinal in suitably reduced quantities. The ancient Greeks employ the same word both for a medicine and a poison."

—o—

Whiskey.

A man named Death, still a resident of Ohio, once lived in Cincinnati, where he sold liquors. Over the door of his store was the sign of "Rectified Whiskey," and directly under this his name, Abraham Death. An old lady from the country, with her son, a hearty lad, was one day quietly wending her way through the streets in a wagon. This sign caught her eye. "Stop, John!" She read it, "Rectified Whiskey, Absolute Death." "That 's a fact. Johnny, let me out; there is one honest whiskey seller in Cincinnati — I want to see what he looks like."

Reward of Good Example.

In the early stage of the temperance reformation, a farmer residing near "the gap" of the Blue Mountains, who had been for many years an intemperate man, was induced to sign the total abstinence pledge, and in a very short time afterwards united himself with the Methodist church. The rumseller and his dependants were sorely dismayed at this extraordinary change, as they termed it, and set their wits to work to lure him back.

The time of harvesting having arrived, and the farmer having many acres of wheat to be cut, the rumites assembled with their sickles in their hands, and demanded their accustomed allowance of rum.

"*Not a drop shall be given,*" firmly replied the farmer. "We will not cut your wheat without it." "*Then it shall rot in the field.*" The faithful followers of alcohol now returned to their respective

homes, and left the obstinate farmer to his fate. His wheat had began to "fall in the stubble," yet he placed his reliance on God, and commending himself to Him, he retired to rest.

Early the next morning he was awakened from his slumber by a shout which seemed to speak the very soul of joy. He looked out and beheld a large number of men, with sickles in their hands, the foremost bearing a broad banner with the words "TOTAL ABSTINENCE" inscribed upon its ample folds. "What can all this mean?" said the farmer, gazing with astonishment upon a scene which seemed rather the work of magic than of reality. "Is n't there a teetotaler somewhere about these parts, who has a field of grain to be cut?" inquired one of the crowd. "Yes," replied the farmer. "I am he." "*Well, we've come to cut it,*" was the response.

The farmer hurried down to greet his kind-hearted visitors, who, having heard of his circumstances, had travelled many miles to give him a helping hand. He pointed to the field, the banner was erected in its midst, the men worked like good teetotalers, and in a few hours the farmer's crop was saved!

—o—

A Washingtonian of Worcester thinks that the brewers spell the name of one of their drinks wrong —he thinks *ale* should be spelled *ail.*

Something about Adam's Fall.

A favorite temperance lecturer, "down South," used to relate the following anecdote, to illustrate the influence of a bad example in the formation of habits, ruinous in their effects.

Adam, and Mary his wife, who lived in one of the old States, were very good members of the church, good sort of folks any way, quite industrious and thriving in the world, and Mary thought a great deal of the minister, and the minister thought a good deal of a glass of toddy.

Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was pretty often, she contrived to have him a glass of toddy made, and the minister never refused to imbibe. After a while Adam got to following the example of the minister to such an extent that he became a drunkard, drank up everything he had, and all he could get. Mary and he became very poor in consequence of his following the minister's example so closely; but the good minister continued his visits, and poor Mary continued still to give him a glass of toddy. One day he called in and told Mary that he was going away for a week —should return on Friday—and handed her a book containing the catechism, and told her when he returned he should expect her to be able to answer some of the questions. Mary says, "Yes," and laid away the book carefully. But Mary, like a good

many other church-members, thought no more of her book until the very Friday the good minister was to return.

"What shall I do?" says she, "the minister is to be here to-day, and I hav n't looked into the book he gave me! How can I answer the questions?"

"I can tell you," says Adam. "Give me a quarter and let me go over to Smith's and get some good rum, and you can answer his questions with a glass of toddy."

Mary took the advice — gave Adam a quarter and a jug, and off he started. After getting his bottle filled, and on his way back, Adam concluded to taste the rum. One taste followed another until he stumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the jug and lost all the rum. But Adam managed to stagger home.

Soon as he got into the house, Mary inquired anxiously for the bottle of rum.

"Where is the bottle and rum, Adam?"

Poor Adam managed to stammer out "that he stumbled over a pile of rocks, and broke the bottle and lost the rum."

Mary was in a fix — Adam drunk, the minister coming, the rum gone, and the questions unlearned.

"But here comes the minister. It won't do for the man of God to see Adam drunk," so she, for the want of a better place to hide, sent him under the bed. By the time he was fairly under, in came the

minister. After sitting a few moments, he asked Mary if she thought she could answer the question, "How did Adam fall?"

Mary turned her head first one way and then another — finally she stammered out,—

"*He fell over a pile of rocks!*"

It was now the minister's turn to look blank; but he ventured another question,—"Where did he hide himself after the fall?"

Mary looked at the minister, then at the bed, but finally she out with it—

"*Under the bed, sir!* There, Adam, you may come out; he knows all about it!"

The good minister retired — not even waiting for his glass of toddy.

—o—

Spends it in Drink.

"I can only give five cents for it," said a shopkeeper to a meanly clad little girl, who offered for sale a small copper box.

"I want a sixpence," whispered the child.

"Can't afford it," replied the shopkeeper; "the thing is not worth it."

With a downcast look the little girl then left the shop, but soon returned with a few pieces of old iron; but alas! not the value of the cent yet wanting; nevertheless the woman threw her a sixpence,

saying, "Well, I will give you the sixpence for the copper." The child immediately disappeared, and the shopkeeper remarked to the missionary, "She wanted the money to buy some *bread* for herself and her little sisters."

"What does her father earn," the missionary inquired, "that she should be driven to this?"

"Nine dollars or more per week."

"Indeed! what does he do with it?"

"Spends it for *drink!*"

—o—

Don't buy a Drunken Father.

A person by habitual excess had laid himself on a bed of sickness. One evening his wife had occasion to go out shopping, and of course had to go alone.

Her child, a boy of four years, was playing about, as he had been allowed to sit up for company for his father, while his mother should be away. The boy kept teasing to know what mother would buy for him, and laughingly his mother told him she would buy him another father.

"Oh, mother, don't buy a drunken father!" said the child, with great earnestness. This expression set the inebriate to thinking, and resulted in his reformation.

Will you take a Sheep?

A valuable friend and an able farmer, about the time that the temperance reform was begining to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his newly hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I do n't care much about it, you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you will do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you will do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also, if you will do without rum."

Presently Chandler speaks again—

"Father, had n't you better take a sheep, too?"

This was a poser; he hardly thought that he could give up the "good creature" yet; but the appeal was from a source not to be disregarded. The result was, the demon was henceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.

—o—

A Few Definitions.

A Camphene Lamp—A wicked little sun who frequently destroys the peace of the family by going out "on a bust."

Ink—The life-blood of thought, sometimes shed in jest and sometimes in earnest.

A Mirror—A polished individual that always returns your bow.

A Library—The bar-room of knowledge, where the mind comes to "take a drink."

A Pipe—A gas factory, with a main laid on to the brain, to light the imagination.

A Boarding-House—Misery masquerading in the clothes of comfort.

Out of Milk.

"Madam, can you give me a glass of grog?" said a traveller in Arkansas, as he entered a cabin on the roadside.

"I ain't got a drop, stranger."

"But a gentleman told me just now that you had received a barrel."

"Why, good gracious! What do you reckon one barrel of whiskey is to me and my children when we are out of milk?"

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A "Man About Town."

We have rarely read a better description of a city "swell," than the following. However, let the reader judge for himself:

"He follows no vocation, he only follows those who do. Sometimes he sweeps along the streets, with consequential gait; sometimes perfumes it with wasted odors of tobacco. He also haunts the sunny benches or breezy piazzas. His business is *to see;* his desire to *be seen*, and no one fails to see him,—so gaudily dressed, his hat sitting aslant upon a wilderness of hair, like a bird half startled from its nest, and every thread arranged to provoke attention. He is a man of honor; not that he keeps his word or shrinks from meanness. He defrauds

his laundress, his tailor, and his landlord. He drinks and smokes at other men's expense. He gambles and swears, and fights—when he is too drunk to be afraid; but still he is a man of honor, for he has whiskers and looks fierce, wears mustachios and says, 'upon my honor, sir;' '*do you doubt my honor, sir?*'"

"Thus he appears by day; by night, he does not appear; he may dimly be seen flitting; his voice may be heard loud in the carousal at some refection cellar, or above the songs and uproar of a midnight return, or home staggering."

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Office Holders ought not to be Rum Drinkers.

Thomas Jefferson remarked, after he had retired from the Presidency, that the habit of using ardent spirits by men in public offices, had occasioned more trouble and more injury to the public service than any other circumstance during his administration. "And were I to act my public life over again," said Mr. Jefferson, "the first question I would ask with regard to every candidate for office, should be, *Is he addicted to the use of ardent spirits?*"

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The old oaken bucket. May it be a long time before any of us kick it.

Nothing Good ever comes of Money got by selling Rum.

So said my aunt Sarah, as she wiped her spectacles after reading an account of a wealthy rumseller down East, whose sons became dissipated and drunken, and who, at the advanced age of sixty-seven, cut his own throat and was launched into eternity. "Nothing good ever comes of money got by selling rum." It fell upon my ear like the sayings of some far-seeing Prophetess of old, who held communion with loftier spirits than abide on earth. I made no reply, for I was an unbeliever in the observation, and yet was afraid to get into an argument with her. I could not see why money got by selling rum could not buy as many comforts as that which should go into the merchant's till. But the saying has never gone from my memory; I have pondered it for years, and have examined it in the light of more than a hundred marked cases; and, though I have found where my aunt Sarah's remarks seemed not to prove true, yet, as I more patiently traced out the matter and cast my eye down among the rumseller's children and saw how sadly they turned out, I was convinced that there was indeed a righteous Providence which would not let the ways of iniquity prosper. One remarkable case is now before me, which seemed to go against all my other cases. A young christian merchant, with a pious family, rolled up

considerable wealth in importing wines, brandies and other liquors. He was benevolent and just, and gave much of his money to charitable and religious objects. Here, said I, aunt Sarah is posed; her doctrine fails. But there is a wheel within a wheel. I was in his house, not long since, and we were talking about the temperance cause and the evils of intemperance, and, of his own accord, he told me of several individuals that traded with him who had gone to ruin; and he remarked himself,—"No good ever comes of money got by selling rum. I have seen it in others, and have had more trouble and grief from it than from anything else. The money I have taken from many a man, has done me no good. I have tried to satisfy my conscience by giving it to religious and charitable objects, but it would not answer. My gold was literally cankered with the tears of widows and orphans." Here he wiped a tear from his eye, and only seemed to derive some comfort from the thought that it was his business, and if he had not followed it, others would. Oh! I verily believe that while there is a Providence on earth, the remark of aunt Sarah will hold true, that "Nothing good ever comes of money got by selling rum."

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If the devil should lose his tail, where could he get another? Where spirits are *retailed!*

Temple of Honor.

The Temple of Honor embraces about thirty thousand members, constituting nearly four hundred Temples, and seventeen Grand Temples, all under the jurisdiction of the National Temple. The opening, initiatory and other ceremonies connected with this Order are magnificently imposing, and beautiful beyond description. Purity and fidelity are the aims of a true Templar, while he strives to promote temperance and social mental and moral culture.

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The Sponge.

When Æscaulapius applauded Philip, King of Macedon, as a jovial man who would drink freely, Demosthenes replied, "that it was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

"Why don't you Enforce the Law?"

To this inquiry of the opponents of the Maine Law, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher interposes the following reply: —

"It is said, why don't you execute the present laws?" This puts me in mind of an old rat, who, sleek and fat, comes out of his hole and sees a new trap. He walks round it, peeps into it, nibbles at it, and finds that it is not like the old one — it is all wire, and there is no getting out of it. So he goes to the keeper of the house and says: 'Why are you not satisfied with the old trap with the wooden bottom, through which I have crawled forty times?' So with these old liquor rats; they are good judges of prohibitory laws; they know how to evade them; they can crawl through almost anything, but they don't like the Maine Law. These men can tell what the law means. The outcry that they now make leads me to think that they smell fire. I never was so much in favor of the law as when I found out how the rumsellers opposed it."

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Of sailors who have attempted to winter in high northern latitudes, those furnished with spirits have nearly all perished, while of those who abstained, nearly all survived.

The Liquor Law.

OPINION OF THE U. S. S. J. COURT.

Chief Justice Taney said, "If any State deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens, I see nothing in the Constitution to prevent it from regulating and restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether."

Mr. Justice McLean said, "No person can introduce into a community malignant diseases, or anything which contaminates its morals or endangers its safety."

Mr. Justice Catron said, "If the State has the power of restraint by license to any extent, she may go to the length of prohibiting sales altogether."

Mr. Justice Daniel said of imports that are cleared of all control of Government, "They are like all other property of the citizen, whether owned by the importer or his vendee, or may have been purchased by cargo, package, bale, piece, or yard, or by hogshead, casks, or bottles." In answering the argument that the importer purchases to sell when he pays duties to government, Justice Daniel continues to say, "No such right is purchased by the importer, — he cannot purchase of government that which it could not insure to him, a sale independently of the laws and policy of the State."

And Mr. Justice Grier said, "It is not necessary to array the appalling statistics of misery, pauper-

ism and crime, which have their origin in the use and abuse of ardent spirits. The police power, which is exclusively in the States, is alone competent to the correction of these great evils, and all measures of restraint or prohibition necessary to effect the purpose are within the scope of that authority. All laws for the restraint or punishment of crime, or the preservation of the public peace, health and morals, are, from their very nature, of primary importance, and lie at the foundation of social existence. They are for the protection of life and liberty, and necessarily compel all laws on subjects of secondary importance, which relate only to property, convenience or luxury, to recede when they come in contact or collision. *Salut populi suprema lex.* The exigencies of the social compact require that such laws be executed before and above all others. It is for this reason that quarantine laws, which protect public health, compel mere commercial regulations to submit to their control. They restrain the liberty of the passengers, they operate on the ship, which is the instrument of commerce, and its officers and crew, the agents of navigation. They seize the infected cargo and cast it overboard. All these things are done, not from any power which the State assumes to regulate commerce, or to interfere with the regulations of Congress, but because police laws for the prevention of crime and protection of the public welfare, must of necessity have

full and free operation, according to the exigency that requires their interference. If a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be the gainer a thousand fold in the health, wealth and happiness of the people."

Thus, all the judges of the United States Supreme Court re-affirmed and corroborated the decisions of each subordinate State court, that the entire control of the sale of intoxicating drinks is within the legitimate province of the State Legislature.

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Drunkenness a Crime.

We were never better pleased with a judge's charge, than that of Mr. Justice Coleridge, on the trial of young Monkhouse for shooting at his father. The defence set up was *drunkenness!* "The prisoner," said Mr. Ballantine, his counsel, "was addicted to habits of intemperance;" and he submitted that at the time he made the attack upon his parent, "he was in a dreadful state of intoxication!" We are sorry a barrister should have taken such a line of defence. Could he have hoped it would be successful? If the prisoner had been acquitted upon such ground, a ruffian would have only to make himself thoroughly drunk before he went upon his work of mischief, to have a fair chance of acquittal. Mr. Justice Coleridge properly told the jury that "drunk-

enness itself was in law no excuse for a crime," and in sentencing the prisoner after conviction, added that "the court could not for a moment permit it to be thought that it was any paliation of an offence that it was committed under the influence of drink. He could not help thinking that in the present case, the prisoner, having formed the desperate design, which to some extent he had carried out, had endeavored to fortify himself to commit it by the excitement of drink." It would have been strange, indeed, if one crime had been allowed to excuse a greater. A man has no right to get drunk. Drunkenness is a punishable offence, because of its mischievous consequences to society. A drunken man may be conscious of all he does; but the very act of getting drunk betrays, at least, a recklessness of consequences, and he should not be held blameless when bad ensues. Drunkenness is a vice too leniently dealt with. It is the cause of much of the poverty and woe that we observe in the streets, as well as in the recent disclosures relative to the condition of the poor; and police-magistrates would but perform their duty in visiting every case of violence from drunkenness brought before them, with the utmost severity of the law. Even then the punishment would be inferior to the gravity of the offence.

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The man who has a drunken wife should not *sup*-porter.

Effects of Scotch Whiskey.

Old Judge B., of South Carolina, was a great admirer of whiskey punch. One night, on a circuit, some scamps of lawyers, after the old gentleman was pretty oblivious, determined to play him a trick, and letting the innkeeper into the joke, wrapped a number of the latter's silver spoons in a handkerchief, and stowed them away in the judge's trunk. The next morning, while the stage was leisurely wading through a stretch of sandy road, who should overtake them at full speed but the tavern-keeper, who, with much apparent embarrassment, made his errand known. He informed the party that he had missed some spoons from his house, and, as he intended making a thorough search, he was afraid some he suspected would not let him do so. But if he should say to them, "You need n't be so particular now; I 've just left Judge B —— and Mr. So-and-So, and they did n't hinder me, the rogues would n't have a word to say in excuse." "Oh, certainly, certainly!" cried everybody, — all but the Judge being in the joke; and down they all jumped, opened their trunks one after another, and shook the separate articles of clothing to show there was nothing in them. Presently it was the Judge's turn. "Oh, to be sure!" said he, producing his keys. But the search among his properties was scarce begun, when, to his tremendous amazement, out of a

handkerchief dropped the landlord's spoons! Every one looked at the Judge. After a moment's reflection, he broke out with, "Well, now boys, you see it's all owing to that miserable Scotch whiskey I drank last night. I know it's that which made me steal these spoons."

They never enlightened the Judge, and he always firmly believed there was nothing like Scotch whiskey for weakening a man's sense of right—especially touching the appropriation of his neighbor's property. In fact, it was said, whenever a prisoner charged with stealing was brought before him, he would gravely ask if he had n't been drinking Scotch whiskey lately, "for if you have," he would add, "you 'd better leave it off, I tell you,—I stole spoons once!"

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Devotional.

"My dear, where is my Morning and Evening Devotion," said Mr. Paul Partington — meaning a small book of that title in which he was accustomed to read. "Here it is," said Mrs. Partington, producing a small bottle from the closet; "here it is in the bottle." He looked intently in her face, to see if malice was actuating her, but all there was calm; and rather than destroy her apparent satisfaction at obliging him, he refrained from explanation and partook.

Spirit Rapping in Maine.

The hot water people of Portland, who labored so unwisely and so unfairly to defeat the election of the Hon. Neal Dow, the author of the Maine Law, have caught a Tartar in the person of Judge Paris, the recently elected Mayor of the Forest city.

The other day a couple of casks of rum arrived at Portland, directed to John Smith, Gorham, N. H. At the depot a secret seller of the ardent article claimed the casks with their contents as his property.

"Is your name John Smith?" inquired the mayor.

"Yes, sir, that is my name."

"Do you live at Gorham?"

"I do, sir."

"At Gorham, New Hampshire?"

"No, sir, I live at Gorham Corners."

"Well, sir, this liquor is directed to New Hampshire, and there it shall go."

"But I voted for you, sir."

"That is of no consequence."

The rummy rode a rail all the way to Gorham, N. H., where he overtook the rum casks and had them boxed up and labelled cheese, but when they reached Portland, the officers heard a liquid sound in the boxes, and, as they did not believe that the said boxes cheese any more than they did that the moon is made of that material, they unboxed the casks, and with their axes commenced rapping for spirits, and soon a response came gushing from the wounded staves. Mr. Smith not only lost his liquor and his labor, but was fined, also, to the tune of twenty dollars.

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Whiskey Fraud.

A barrel of Ohio whiskey arrived here a few days ago, which gauged forty-eight gallons, but the purchasers measured the contents, and found only thirty-eight. The fraud was accomplished by giving great solidity to the barrel, particularly to the heads, while a hollow scoped out in the staves opposite the bung, admits the gauger's rod to the desired depth.

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Why is a liquor dealer's heart unlike the moon?

Because there is no man in it, and because it has no influence over the waters.

A Short Argument.

A gentleman was railing, a few days since, at a public table, against the law of Massachusetts, as depriving men of their natural rights to buy and sell and get gain; and turning to his neighbor, asked him if he did not think it high handed oppression. The gentleman replied. "Sir, call it oppression if you please, I will state one fact well known to myself. A tax bill was recently brought me on my city property, of $800, for which I gave my check. I carefully looked into the subject, and found that $650 of it was for the support of drunkenness. Now what is this but oppression? But I suppose that I have no rights. Rumsellers have all. They may tax me, to support criminals and drunkards they make, $650, and I must be still." "Sir," said the gentleman, "Massachusetts is right. It is the best argument I ever heard. It has overthrown all my theory about free trade. I will say no more, but go the whole with you."

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Rather Equivocal.

A young fellow having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared he never was drunk, nor never meant to be, *for it always made him feel so bad the next morning.*

Absent Minded.

One Sunday evening, a young gentleman, accompanied by two ladies, entered a church on Charles street, and proceeding up the aisle, took seats near the altar. The gentleman, before sitting down, commenced taking off an overcoat he had on, but by some mismanagement or absence of mind, he pulled off both his overcoat and dresscoat, and there he stood, before the congregation, in his shirt sleeves. The audience wondered what was out — it was not a place to spar or box in — but the absent-minded gentleman did not stop long for them to speculate — discovering his situation, he grasped both coats in his hands and rushed out of the church, the whole auditory in a general titter and wonderment. But an explanation of his conduct might easily have been found in a decanter he left at home on the side-board.

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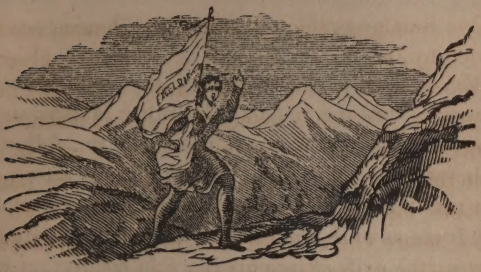
In Advance of the Maine Law.

Rev. Dr. Guthrie relates the following incident in the history of the Iron Duke: "The Duke of Wellington, during the Peninsular War, heard that a large magazine of wine lay on his line of march. He feared more for his men from barrels of wine than batteries of cannon, and instantly dispatched a body of troops to knock every wine barrel on the head." A good ramrod was the Duke.



EXCELSIOR!—A Parody.

Our fellow men were falling fast,
As though from Erebus a blast
Had swept them down the steeps of vice,
When one cried from the precipice,
"Excelsior!"

Try not the pass, the brave man said,—
Red is the sod where victims bled,
And where the silver streamlet sighed,
Echo, with lungs of air, replied,
"Excelsior!"

A gallant youth, whose ample brow
Was white as the wind-sifted snow,
Stood on the deep gulf's yawning edge,
When cried a hero with the pledge,
"Excelsior!"

He bounded up the dizzy height,
With banner like a beam of light,
While accents from his angel tongue
Along the vale, like music rung,
"Excelsior!"

Eloquent Description.

Mr. J. Thomas Stevenson, of Boston, in a recent speech against the Liquor Bill, in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, put forth the following elaborate picture of the evils of Intemperance. It is a masterpiece of the Choatean style of oratory:

"It seems to be almost a work of supererogation to portray the evils of intemperance in connection with the discussion of this bill; for the question is not whether each and every one of us is ready to do all that he may to shut up the fountain of these evils. There is no such question here. Such a question would receive but one answer,—it would be beyond discussion,—unworthy of a word. Portray the evils of intemperance! did I say? He does not live that can tell the whole story of its woes. Exaggeration there is impossible. The fatigued fancy falters in its flight before it comes up to the fact. The mind's eye cannot take in the countless miseries of its motley train. No human art can put into that picture shades darker than the truth. Put into such a picture every conceivable thing that is terrible and revolting; paint health in ruins, hope destroyed, affections crushed, prayers silenced; paint the chosen seats of paternal care, of filial piety, of brotherly love, of maternal devotion, all, all vacant; paint all the crimes of every stature and of every hue, from murder standing aghast over a grave which it has

no means to cover, down to the meanest deception, still confident of success; paint home a desert, and shame a tyrant, and poverty the legitimate child of vice in this community, and not is prolific mother; paint the dark valley of the shadow of death peopled with living slaves; paint a landscape with trees whose fruit is poison, and whose shade is death, with mountain torrents tributary to an ocean whose very waves are on fire; put in the most distant background the vanishing vision of a blessed past, and into the foreground the terrible certainty of an accursed future; paint prisons with doors that open only inwards; people the scene with men whose shattered forms are tenanted with tormented souls, with children upon whose lips no smile can ever play, and by women into whose cheeks furrows have been burnt by tears wrung by anguish from broken hearts. Paint such a picture, and, when you are ready to show it, do not let in the rays of the heavenly sun; but illumine it with the glares of the infernal fires. And still you will be bound to say that yon horrible picture falls short of the truth."

—o—

Smoking.

You need not light that pipe again,
Nor stretch your lips so wide with laughter;
If smoking *here* gives so much pain,
How would you like to smoke *hereafter?*

Death's Prime Minister.

Death, (says Addison,) the king of terrors, was determined to choose a prime minister, and his pale courtiers, the ghastly train of diseases, were all summoned to attend, when each preferred his claim to the honor of this illustrious office. Fever urged the numbers he had destroyed; cold Palsy set forth his pretensions by shaking all his limbs; Gout hobbled up and alleged his great power in racking in every joint; and Asthma's inability to speak was a strong though silent argument of his claim. Stone and Colic plead their violence; Plague his rapid progress in destruction, and Consumption, though slow, insisted that he was sure.

In the midst of this contention, the court was disturbed with the noise of music, dancing, feasting and revelry, when immediately entered a lady with a bold, lascivious air, and flushed, jovial countenance. She was attended on the one hand by a troop of bacchanals, and on the other by a train of wanton youths and damsels, who danced half naked, to the softest musical instruments. Her name was INTEMPERANCE. She waved her hand, and thus addressed the crowd of diseases, "Give way, ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this monarch; am I not your king? Do ye not receive your power of shortening human life almost wholly from me? Who then so

fit as myself for this important office?" The grisly monarch grinned a smile of approbation, placed her on his right hand, and she immediately became his principal favorite and Prime Minister.

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The Fate of Wine and its Drinkers.

We find, in an ancient periodical, the following anecdote:

"A wine merchant received the following note the next day after a great fire in New York:

'My dear S. I am sorry to tell you that your store was, last night, burned to the ground, and your wine has all gone to the d——l.

Yours, truly, M.'

He replied as follows:

'Dear M. I am glad my wine has gone where my friends will be most likely to drink it.

Yours, truly, S.'"

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The Ruling Passion.

An old woman, who sold ale, being in church, fell asleep during divine service, and unluckily let her old fashioned clasped Bible fall, which, making a great noise, she exclaimed, half awake, "so, you jade, there's another jug broken."

The Old Lady's Turkies.

An old lady, resident of a neighboring place, kept a large family of turkies, perhaps sixty. She, like a great many other people, thought a good deal of her turkies, and valued them very highly. Opposite her door was a "West India Goods Store." The man who kept it, one day emptied his casks of cherries, intending to replace with new. This old lady being economical, thought it a great pity to have all those cherries wasted, and in order to have them saved, she would just drive over her turkies and let them eat them. In the course of the day the old lady thought she would look over and see that they were in no mischief. She approached the yard, and lo! in one corner lay her turkies, in a huge pile, dead. What was to be done?—Surely the old matron could not lose the feathers. She called her daughters and picked them, intending to have them buried in the morning. Morning came and behold there were her turkies stalking about the yard, featherless enough, as may be supposed, crying out, "quit, quit," feeling, no doubt, mortified that their drunken fit had been the means of losing their coats.—Poor things, if they had not begun they would not have been in this sad fix.

We would advise all young men who are in the habit of drinking, to leave off before they get picked; and to those who do not, we advise every young lady to say "quit."

Sons of Temperance.

Among the most efficient helpers in the cause of Temperance, the Sons of Temperance are eminently conspicuous. Their principles are so well understood at the present day that they need no endorsement, defence or explanation. Suffice it to say, the Order boasts an army three hundred thousand strong,— all eyes directed to the same object, all hearts beating in unison, and all hands raised to repel the common foe of the family of man, all lips uttering the motto, Love, Purity and Fidelity.

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The Indian's Retort.

An Indian complained to a retailer that the price of liquor was too high. The latter, in justification, said that it cost as much to keep a hogshead of brandy as to keep a cow. The Indian replied, "May be he drink as much water, but he no eat as much hay."

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Lick her.—The man who has a wife should never liquor.

The Good Lady.

A man in the town of M——, N. H., had, while from home, earned about six dollars, returned one day to his family with the cash. His wife told him that during his absence the family had suffered for food. He replied, "I will go to the store and buy what is wanted, and then we shall have enough." He had refrained from drink for some time; but, on arriving at the grocery, it was found that he had money, and he was invited to drink a little beer, then something stronger, till he got drunk and spent all his money for rum, and returned to his half starved family at two o'clock in the morning, penniless.

The poor wife was greatly distressed, and on the next evening ventured to go to the wife of the rum-seller, told the story of her suffering family and the manner in which her husband had been made a pauper, &c.; whereupon the good lady filled a large basket with pork, bread, coffee, sugar, &c., and then called her husband into the entry, and in presence of the drunkard's wife, said, "Last night you took from this poor woman's husband all his money for rum; I have now filled a basket full of articles of food, and so long as you continue to sell liquor, get men drunk and take from them their money, thereby making their families poor and miserable, I will deal out to them from the house all they want to support

them." This was more than the husband could stand. The next morning he went to his store and emptied every cask, decanter, and bottle of liquor into the road, saying he would no longer sell liquid fire, but would keep a temperance store.

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On a Spree.

A correspondent of the Democratic Courier, writing from Cincinnati, tells a story of a fellow who was found in the gutter, drunk, and taken before the mayor, when the following dialogue took place:

"David," said his honor, as soon as he laid eyes on Mr. Jones, "are you here again? Did you not promise me last week that you would not get drunk again, if I would let you off?"

"Keep cool, your honor," replied Dave, with brazen impudence, "keep cool — that's what I have been trying to do."

"But you are charged with being beastly drunk, and were lying in the gutter."

"Drunk — NOT guilty. Lying in the gutter, GUILTY."

"What were you lying in the gutter for, if you were not drunk?"

"You see, your honor," replied Dave, with the air of a lawyer, "it was monstrous hot last night

— hot as Tophet — could n't sleep — drinked three glasses of lemonade, and a gallon and a half of pump water — hot yet — jumped into the river — felt nice, but could n't sleep — then, your honor, I came out again — drank another gallon of pump water — pumped gutter full — laid down in it — felt comfortable — went to sleep — dreamed I was rich, riding in a coach and four, round the north pole — woke up — found myself in the watch-house — trying to keep cool — that's all."

His honor was somewhat amused at Dave's coolness in making up such a cool lie, and let him slide.

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Deacon Grant and the Good Boy.

Deacon Grant, the poor-man's friend, relates the following fact: —

"A little boy, the son of a widow, having heard that he could obtain a situation in a store in a foreign port, and receive a salary of three dollars per week for his services, bade farewell to home, sweet home and started on his mission, indulging the hope that he would be able to assist in supporting his mother and educating his sister.

When he landed on the island, he directed his steps to the establishment, and the merchant forthwith gave him employment.

'Go,' said the merchant, 'and draw some rum for that customer.'

'I cannot do that sir, for I belong to the Boston Cold Water Army.'

'What do I care for your army? obey my orders, or leave the store.'

'What do you suppose my good mother would say, if she knew that I sold intoxicating drinks?' inquired the disappointed lad, in a modest and respectful manner.

'Do as I bid you, or quit the store,' was the surly response.

With a heavy heart, the lad went down to the wharf and found a ship ready to sail for his native land; he at once engaged to work his passage home. When the vessel reached Boston, the Captain accompanied the brave and honest boy to Deacon Grant's office, and gave him an introduction to Mr. Grant, who commended him for his integrity, and provided him with a pleasant situation."

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The Spirit of the Age.

One of the latest cases of which we have heard, is that of a little urchin who having been listening quite intently one evening to an aminated discussion on progress and improvement, the next day addressed the following interrogatory to his parent: "Pa, is New England rum the *spirit of the age?*"

A Moderate Drinker's Memory.

"I say, captain," said a little, keen-eyed man, as he landed from the steamer Potomac, at Natchez; "I say, captain, these 'ere arn't all. I have left somethin' on board, that's a fact." "Them's all the plunder you brought on board, anyhow." "Well, see now, I grant its O. K. accordin' to list — four boxes, three chests, two band-boxes, a portmanty, two hams, one part cut, three ropes of inyans, and a tea-kettle; but you see, captain, I'm dubersome — I feel there's somethin' short. Though I've counted 'um over nine times, and never took my eyes off 'um while on board, there's somethin' not right, somehow." "Well, stranger, time's up, them's all I know on; so just fetch your wife and five children out of the cabin, cos I'm off." "Them's 'um; darn it, them's 'um! I know'd I had forgot somethin'."

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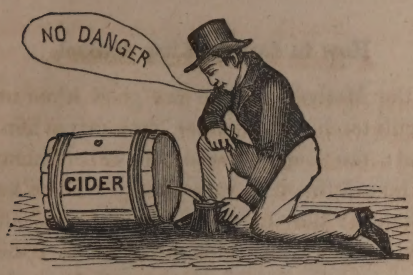
A Dry Joke.

A clergyman, happening to get wet, was standing before the session room fire trying to dry his saturated clothes, and when his colleague came in, he asked him to preach for him, as he was very wet. "No, sir, I thank you," was the prompt reply; "preach yourself, you will be dry enough in the pulpit."



No Danger.

"I'll take good care of number one,
To him I surely am no stranger;
I love to see the cider run,
And drink it too, there is no danger."

So said the youth, and drained the cup
Until his mouth and eyes grew wider —
"No harm can come from such a sup,
Of such exhilarating cider!"

He drank until his eyes grew red,
But lo! the lad so gay and frisky,
Remained all night beneath the shed,
Beside a bloated cask of whiskey.

All said it was a pity, that
The tavern was so nigh and handy —
For cider to the youth grew flat,
And nought would suit his taste but brandy.

A year rolled round, and he was found
Dead drunk, beneath the horse's manger;
He sleeps beneath the sodded mound,
Because he could not see the danger.

How to destroy King Alcohol.

Let the Methodists, who are good itinerants, go forth with torch and trumpet, and drive him from the land; the Baptists, who believe in immersion, drown him in the deep waters, beyond the hope of recuscitation; the Orthodox, who are particular, rescind him from every relationship of life; the Unitarians, who believe in works as well as words, stereotype their resolutions into deeds that will destroy him; the Universalists, who believe in no hereafter hell, help those who do put out the fires of a present one in the distillery, where the *worm* dieth not; and the Quakers, who believe in no noise, bury him at last in eternal silence.

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Riding in a Carriage.

One day a moderate drinker, after having had a scene with his wife, during which she bitterly reproached him for his cruelty and neglect, and declared she never wished to see him again, left the house in a rage, swearing that he would not return until he came in his carriage, when she would be very happy to receive him. He kept his word, although not exactly in the way he intended, in a couple of hours he came home in a wheelbarrow.

The Irishman.

A few days since, an Irishman, (one of Father Mathew's people,) landed at a wharf in New York, when he was accosted by an old friend. "Arrah, Pat, I am glad to see you in this free country; come up here a bit, and take a drink for ould acquaintance and ould Ireland's sake."

"No," says Pat, "I've signed Father Mathew's pledge."

"But," says his friend, "this is not Ireland,—it's a free country."

"Ah!" replied Pat, "do you think I've brought my body here and left my soul in Ireland?"

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An Unreasonable Proposal.

An Irish laborer, who was in the employment of an English gentleman, residing in Ireland, was on one occasion about going to a fair, held annually at a neighboring village, when his employer endeavored to dissuade him from his design. "You always," said he, "come back with a broken head; now, stay at home to-day, Darby, and I'll give you five shillings." "I'm forever and all obliged to your honor," replied Darby, "but does it stand to rason," added he, flourishing his shillelagh over his head, "does it stand to rason that I'd take five shillings for the great bating I'm to get to-day?"

Cyrus of Persia.

Cyrus of Persia, when a young man, visited his uncle Cyaxares; and to show that there was no merit in being a good cup-bearer, took the cup from Sacas, who acted in that capacity.

Astyges, history informs us, admitted his skill, but laughingly observed, "the young waiter has forgotten one thing."

"What have I forgotten?" asked Cyrus.

"To taste the wine before you handed it to me and your mother."

"I did not forget that, but I did not choose to swallow poison."

"Poison!" exclaimed the king.

"Yes, there must be poison in the cup, for they who drink of it sometimes grow giddy and sick, and fall down."

"Then you never drink in your country?" inquired Astyges.

"Yes, but we only drink to satisfy thirst, and then a little water suffices."

This occured nearly two thousand four hundred years ago, yet it is as true as if it were an event of yesterday — that intoxicating drink is a poison.

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Let no man smoke unless he has a chimney in the place of a head, upon his shoulders.

Pathetic.

He wore a flashy waistcoat on the night when first we met, with a famous pair of whiskers and imperial of jet. His air had all the haughtiness, his voice the manly tone, of a gentleman worth forty thousand dollars, all his own. I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now, with a very flashy waistcoat and a beaver on his brow — I saw him once again, no neat beaver was there, but a shocking bad 'un was his hat, and matted was his hair. He wore a brick within his hat, the change was all complete, and he was flanked by constables, who marched him up the street. I saw him but a moment, methinks I see him now, charged by these worthy officers, with kicking up a row.

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Social Drinking.

At a temperance meeting held in Boston, a young man present related the history of twelve young men, who were accustomed to hold frequent convivial meetings, and whose last meeting was held three years ago. Since then, six of them had gone to a drunkard's grave, and five more to destruction, and he alone remained to tell the story, having been restored to reason and to society by the perseverance of the friends of temperance.

We do not Make it.

"I am glad," said a reverend missionary to an Indian chief, "that you do not drink rum; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it."

"Ah yes," said the red man, and he fixed his impressive eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of rum, *but we do not make it.*"

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A Beast.

A drunkard made his way into a menagerie some time since, and the keeper, fearful that he would get hurt, told him to leave the place. An Irishman who was looking on, said to the keeper, "Why don't you let him alone, sure this is the right place for him, do n't you see he has been making a *baste* of himself.

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A Farm School Toast.

May the Boys belonging to this Institution *add* their names to the pledge, *subtract* their beverage from the fountain, *multiply* converts to our cause, *divide* their time among the honest and virtuous, *reduce* intemperance to its lowest denomination, and never violate the *Golden Rule.*

The Snow Storm.

Poor Mrs. Lawson unfortunately gave her heart and hand to one who loved the bottle more than he did his wife. He squandered her money and sacrificed the outfit given to her on the day of their marriage. It would impoverish language to describe the sufferings of the noble-hearted, uncomplaining woman. One wintry night, while the snow sifted through the East wind, she sat up hour after hour, watching for the return of her husband. Sarah and William, one seven the other five years of age, had said their prayers and fallen asleep on the trundle bed, where a scanty coverlid refused to keep them comfortable. The infant was asleep on the bed, and the mother sat upon the only chair in the room, a

small candle was flickering on the floor at her feet, when, just as the town clock struck three, a couple of neighbors suddenly opened the door and brought in what appeared to be the lifeless body of the father of these little ones and the husband of this amiable woman.

They found him in a snow bank by the road-side, with a flask of New England rum in his hand. When this unhappy man, who was not dead but drunk, came to consciousness in the morning, he looked up at the sad, sweet face of his pitying wife, and listened to the prattle of his children; and while he looked and listened, the tears stole down his cheek, the resolution of his heart came to his quivering lips in words of promise. He has never violated his vow. He is now a well-to-do and happy man. His wife used to say if she could but see him reform she would be willing to die, but now she declares she never was more desirous to live. Their children have grown up like olive plants about their board, and the lad seen sleeping on the low bed is now a legislator who voted for the Maine Law, and the girl is the wife of one of our most popular clergymen.

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Had nature designed man for a drunkard, he would have been formed like a churn, with heels larger than his head, so the more he drank the firmer he would stand.

A Caution to Boys.

To continue the war against the tobacco-using propensity, observed to be very strong of late among boys, we offer an additional fact. A few weeks ago, a youth of sixteen arrived in this city to prosecute his studies with a view to professional life. He came from a distant State, and was to remain here several years. A week or two after his arrival, he was seized with a paralysis in both legs, which advanced upwards till nearly the lower half of his body was benumbed and apparently lifeless. The most distinguished physicians in New York attended the case, but no relief being afforded, the unfortunate young man has been taken on his way home, and there is but litle hope of his recovery. The cause of his disease is stated by the physician to be tobacco-chewing — a habit which he early acquired, and persisted in to the time of his attack.

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A Questionable Utilitarian.

A well dressed man, who had taken rather more than he could carry perfectly straight, was overhauled by a policeman at the North End, with the enquiry, "what are you doing here, sir?" "Doing?" replied the tipsy one, "why, do n't you see, *I'm widening Salutation street!*"

The Pilot and the Pledge.

A pilot, relating his experience, in Cincinnati, said "My home had become a domestic hell. I drank all I could get, and had not been home for three weeks to my family, without being intoxicated. Of course I was always ready for a quarrel. I went one night to a Washingtonian meeting. I was sober. I listened to what was said. My heart leaped for joy at the hope that I might be reformed, and I signed the pledge.

I went home to my family earlier than usual. I took a seat, but said nothing. I observed a frown upon the face of my wife, as if she expected abuse as usual; but presently the cloud cleared away, and after observing me some time, she inquired 'Husband, are you sick? What is the matter with you?' No, I said, I am not sick, and there is nothing the matter with me. I am sober. I have been to the Washingtonian Temperance meeting, and have signed the pledge.

'Is it possible?' said she. Yes, it is true that I have signed the pledge, and intend to stick to it as long as I live. In a moment, all the wife was up in her bosom. Her eyes were full of tears. She clasped me round the neck with her arms, and I thought she would have absolutely smothered me with her kisses."

A Distressing Fact.

In a remote part of Bavaria, Bayard Taylor stopped for breakfast at an inn, where there was a young man who was to start the next morning, an emigrant to New York. They plied our friend with questions, but what most troubled the youth's father, was "the fact he had heard that no one was allowed to sit down in an American inn, but each one must drink his beer standing, and immediately walk out."

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Facts for the Maine Law.

Gov. Everett's Estimate of the Cost of Dram Shops.

In ten years, he thinks, it cost the United States 300,000 lives; sent 150,000 persons to jail, and 100,000 children to the poor house; made 1000 maniacs, 2000 suicides, and bequeathed to the world a million of orphan babes.

The Largest School in Boston.

In Boston alone, last year, 1110 minors were brought before courts of law for punishment. Rum furnished the pupils.

Dr. Howe's Statistics of Idiocy.

He says the number of idiots in Massachusetts is between fourteen and fifteen hundred. Out of 300 cases which he investigated, the parents of 145

were grossly, notoriously intemperate, "habitual drunkards;" and not one-fourth of the parents of the lowest idiots could ever be proved to be temperate people. Here three-fourths of the idiocy of Massachusetts is to be referred to intemperate parents, who bring into the world children lower than swine, whom their fathers imitated, resembled, and surpassed in beastliness.

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Jonas Hodge.

A temperance agent called upon Jonas Hodge, to induce him to sign the temperance pledge. Jonas replied that he would do so, when convinced that it was his duty; but that he could find no warrant in scripture for such a course, — no express command to pledge himself to total abstinence.

Jonas afterwards invited his visitor with him into the fields, and see a fine horse which he owned. In his eagernes to gaze at the beautiful animal, who was prancing before him, he fell into a well which happened to be in his path; rising to the surface of the water, into which he had been immersed, he cried lustily to his companion for help. He, determined to let his moderation be known, replied, "be patient, Jonas, be patient." Jonas expostulated, saying that the stones were slippery, that he was benumbed with the cold, and unless assisted soon he

must perish. "Be patient, Jonas," replied his imperturbable companion, "I cannot act without a warrant. I have taken my bible and commenced with Genesis, examining for an express command to pull Jonas Hodge out of the well; when I find it I will lend you a helping hand, so hold on patiently, Jonas."

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Right Names.

A brother preacher, who happened to be lodging with Rev. Robert Hall, whispered to him that he was in the habit of taking a little *refreshment* after preaching. The refreshment called for was a glass of brandy and water. "You cannot have it by that name, my dear sir," replied Mr. Hall; "call it by its proper name, and you shall have it." "And pray what is that?" "Not *refreshment*, but *liquid poison and distilled damnation!*"

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A Calculation.

Well, then; let me suppose there are ten individuals who remain perfectly temperate till they are fifteen years of age. Five of this number continue so during their lives, which are prolonged, on an average, say thirty years, or till they are forty-five years of age. The other five commence a life of dissipation and intemperance, which ends their days

in twenty-five years, or at the age of forty. Suppose that during this twenty-five years, each one of the five drinks one pint of spirits per day, on an average. This will be 365 pints in one year, and in twenty-five years 9,125 pints, or 36,500 gills, or 73,000 glasses. Now, if 73,000 glasses shorten life five years, how much will one glass shorten it? Ans., 36 minutes!!! Think, my intemperate friend, every time you put the intoxicating glass to your lips, that for one glass of liquor, you barter away 36 minutes of your short life.

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